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01x02 - The Big Q

by **bunniefuu**

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FADE IN: INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Close-up of a computer screen at a porn site with PORN GUY taking his shirt off. The camera pulls back and we see Ted is on the phone with Michael at the Big Q and Emmett at Torso.

TED [OS]

Brian Kinney, a father.

MICHAEL

It's true. I was there. I saw it happen with my own eyes.

TED

Talk about conceiving the inconceivable. Or is it the other way around?

MICHAEL

Would you give the guy a break?

EMMETT

Couldn't be any worse than my daddy was.

MICHAEL

Or mine. Not that I remember him.

TED

So, what's next? PTA parent? Little league coach? Scout master?

SPLIT SCREEN SHOT:

Ted at his desk.

Michael walking down an aisle.

MICHAEL

They don't allow q*eers in Scouts. They're afraid we'll induct new recruits.

SPLIT SCREEN SHOT:

Emmett dressing a mannequin.

Porn Guy taking his pants off.

Michael walking, looking at photos he's had developed.

EMMETT

I only go out with men who already enlisted. So, uh, who's he look like?

MICHAEL

Well, he's got Brian's eyes and mouth, and ... Lindsay's nose.

TED

Well, if he's got Melanie's d*ck, we're in big trouble.

Emmett laughs.

MICHAEL

You should see the pictures I took. He is so adorable. In one of them, he's actually playing with himself.

TED

Who, Brian?

MICHAEL

No, the baby.

Shot widens to just Michael. He's stopped, looking at the pictures.

MICHAEL

Can you imagine, he's only been in the world about an hour and already he's pulling his pud.

Behind him, a HOT GUY with a shopping basket is looking at shoes. He looks up at Michael's voice and walks over.

HOT GUY

Excuse me.

MICHAEL

Yeah?

HOT GUY

Can you tell me where men's jockey shorts are?

MICHAEL

[grins] Aisle four.

HOT GUY

[grins] Thanks.

MICHAEL

Sure.

TED

[OS] Well, that proves the theory.

CUT TO: INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted watching Porn Guy.

TED

We've all got d*ck on the brain from womb to tomb.

EMMETT

Speak for yourself.

TED

[to Emmett] I am. [to Porn Guy] Yeah, go for it.

CUT TO: EXT. OUTSIDE TORSO - DAY

Emmett sitting in the display window, his hand down the mannequin's hot pants.

EMMETT

Are you watching that filthy website again?

CUT TO: INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

TED

You can't believe this guy. He must be at least ten inches.

Ted's boss, MR. WORCSHAFTER, walks down the hall and turns to stop in the doorway.

MR. WORCSHAFTER

Ted? Ted.

Ted jumps, hitting two keys on his computer. The porn is replaced by a spreadsheet.

TED

[to Emmett] Uh, can I put you on hold one moment, please? [to boss] Yes, Mr. Worcshafter?

MR. WORCSHAFTER

Have you finished going over the Gropnik returns?

TED

Oh, yes, sir.

Ted opens a desk drawer and pulls out a folder to hand over. As he does, we see a photo of a bare-chested, smiling Michael underneath.

TED

I just printed them out. There you are. Federal and State.

MR. WORCSHAFTER

Thanks.

TED

You're welcome ... Mr. Worcshafter. [Long beat. Slowly reaches for the phone.] Sorry, the boss.

SPLIT SCREEN SHOT:

Emmett dressing another mannequin.

Ted at his desk, watching Porn Guy again.

Michael in the same aisle, watching two men walk by with arms around each other.

MICHAEL

Oh, sh*t, you better be careful.

EMMETT

The last thing you need is for him to catch you on cumquik.com.

TED

Oh, please. That guy's so blind he's yet to figure out his wife's been boinking his business partner for the last five years. How do you think he's going to find out about me? I'll catchya later.

EMMETT

Later.

MICHAEL

Later.

Shot widens to just Ted at his desk, looking down at the photo of Michael in his drawer.

MICHAEL [VO]

Remember that story we all read in high school? You know, the one about the prisoners chained in the cave? Plato or whoever? All they could see were shadows on a wall. So, after a while, they started thinking that was reality. Well, in a way, that's what Ted's like. It's been so long since he's had sex with someone who he didn't download, he's forgotten that all those perfect bodies and perfect faces aren't real. That no one's really there. That they're only ... shadows. Then again, who ever got a**l warts in a chatroom?

CUT TO: INT. THE BIG Q - DAY

Michael continues watching the two men walk down the aisle. An employee, MARLEY, is leaning around a clothing rack to watch as well. She turns around to Michael.

MARLEY

[whispers] Michael. [swishes her hand and mouths] f*gs.

Michael laughs. Hearing the laughter, the men turn and we see one is Hot Guy. The two stare back at Michael, who's embarrassed. He turns away. When he turns back, he sees two shopping baskets left in the aisle and the men gone.

CUT TO: INT. BRIAN'S AD AGENCY - DAY

Conference room. Brian is standing at the head of the table, pitching to a room of business men and women, most specifically CUTE CLIENT, SENIOR CLIENT, WOMAN CLIENT. Also at the table is CYNTHIA, Brian's assistant. Behind Brian is a large poster with a half-naked stud for Gold Pitt beer. Brian has a green apple in his hand.

BRIAN

The difference between our beer and their beer is that our beer says [tosses apple up] 'sex'. Not 'Clydesdales.' [tosses apple up] If you want to be cool, if you want to be popular, if you want to get ... [looks at Woman Client] laid...

Cute Client fingers his wedding band.

BRIAN

... this is what you drink.

SENIOR CLIENT

Ah, but what about the model? Are you sure he isn't too, um...

Brian tosses the apple.

BRIAN

g*y? Ladies?

WOMAN CLIENT

I wouldn't care if he was. I'd go to bed with him anyway.

Cynthia laughs.

BRIAN

[to Cute Client] What do you think? [suggestively bites into apple]

CUTE CLIENT

[a little breathless] I hadn't thought about it.

Close-up of Brian's mouth as he slowly chews.

CUT TO: INT. ST. JAMES SCHOOL - DAY

The locker room. Boys are changing and talking. Justin, in his school uniform, leans against the edge of his locker row. He smiles appreciatively at the jocks changing into their football uniforms, among them CHRIS HOBBS. Justin picks up his backpack/books from a bench. His eyes wander to the showers. After a glance around, he accidentally-on-purpose drops his books. Crouching now, he has a better view of all the naked bodies. We follow his gaze back to Chris as he smacks the a*s of a passing teammate. Justin stands.

CUT TO: EXT. ST. JAMES SCHOOL - DAY

The football team is practicing. Justin and Daphne sit on a nearby brick wall. Justin is drawing the action--all centered around Chris--in a sketch book, Daphne is eating.

COACH

Hut, hut! Hit him now. Get him down, that's it! Move, move! You guys show some hustle out there, let's go!

Justin looks over at Chris (#68) on the field as he catches a pass.

JUSTIN [OS]

Guess what I was doing last night.

DAPHNE

Sleeping? Same as me.

JUSTIN

Having sex. All night. With that guy I met. Brian Kinney. We did it till six in the morning. [beat] Well? Aren't you shocked?

DAPHNE

Not really.

JUSTIN

[disappointed] Oh.

DAPHNE

Well, I kinda figured that you're an ... [gestures] you know. Even though you never told me.

JUSTIN

I'm telling you now.

DAPHNE

[sigh] Want some of my veggie wrap?

Justin takes a bite.

DAPHNE

So, what was it like?

JUSTIN

Well, I started out as a tight end, but wound up a wide receiver.

They laugh. A pass goes long and the football comes flying at them. Justin catches it against his chest, then tosses it back to Chris.

CHRIS

Thanks. [jogs back]

CUT TO: INT. BRIAN'S AD AGENCY - DAY

Brian and Cynthia stand at the door, shaking hands with the clients as they file out.

CYNTHIA

[to Woman Client] Thank you.

WOMAN CLIENT

[to Brian] Good to meet you.

BRIAN

Thank you.

CYNTHIA

[to Random Client] Next time.

Random Client shakes Brian's hand.

BRIAN

Thanks.

Brian looks back into the room. Cute Client is standing at the table, packing up files into a briefcase and glancing over at his shoulder at Brian.

CYNTHIA

Ahh. He's mar-ried.

BRIAN [OS]

Uh-huh.

CYNTHIA [OS]

With two children.

BRIAN

Ahh, a family man.

Cynthia makes a disbelieving noise.

Cute Client walks up.

CUTE CLIENT

Excuse me. Could you, uh, tell me where the men's room is?

CYNTHIA

Yeah, it's just down the hall and to the left.

CUTE CLIENT

Thanks. [lingering look at Brian, then smiling as he walks by]

BRIAN

That's a loooong trip. He might get lost. [turns to watch]

CYNTHIA

I'm sure you'll show him the way.

CUT TO: EXT. ST. JAMES SCHOOL - DAY

Justin and Daphne still on the brick wall.

JUSTIN

There I was, on my back. And there he was, on top of me, slipping it in.

DAPHNE

[wrinkles her nose] That must have hurt. Didn't it hurt?

JUSTIN

At first it felt like somebody was shoving a broom up there. But then I told him to go slower, and he did. Then I stopped thinking about it when I looked at his face. His eyes were closed. His mouth was open, in a sort of smile. Like he was in another place. A beautiful place. That place was me.

They both laugh.

JUSTIN

And his body, God! Like, his body was so amazing. I could see every muscle. He said he wanted to stay inside me forever. And I wanted him to. I still feel him. Like, he's still there. Christ, Daphne. Everybody talks about having sex. But I really did it. [big grin]

CUT TO: INT. BRIAN'S AD AGENCY - DAY

The bathroom. Empty but for Cute Client who is at the last of five urinals. Brian strolls in, hand in his pocket, and stands at the urinal next to Cute Client. He unzips his pants.

BRIAN

I had to piss during that whole pitch. Didn't think I could hold it.

Cute Client grins. Beat.

CUTE CLIENT

Your presentation was very impressive.

BRIAN

[looks over] Think so? [drops his eyes down to Cute Client's d*ck]

Cute Client reciprocates and grins.

CUTE CLIENT

Yeah, it was very impressive.

BRIAN

[to the wall] Well, I'm glad you liked it. Because that's what we're here for. [looks at him] To please the client.

CUT TO: EXT. ST. JAMES SCHOOL - DAY

Justin and Daphne walking across the football field.

COACH [OS]

That's it!

DAPHNE

So, like, what is he now? Your boyfriend?

JUSTIN

We just met.

DAPHNE

Well ... do you love him?

JUSTIN

I don't know. [beat] Yeah, I love him.

They laugh.

DAPHNE

Does he love you?

JUSTIN

He said he did.

DAPHNE

When?

JUSTIN

Well, when he was about to sh**t. He was moving really fast and he let out this groan like nothing I'd ever heard before. And that's when he said it. Right when he came. He said, 'I love you.' Then he leaned in and kissed me.

CUT TO: INT. BRIAN'S AD AGENCY - DAY

Bathroom. Brian and Cute Client at the sinks, having just washed their hands. Cute Client lingers.

CUTE CLIENT

Well, I guess we better be getting back.

BRIAN

Yeah, I guess so.

CUTE CLIENT

[offers his hand to shake] It's been a pleasure.

BRIAN

[glances at the hand] It can be even more of one.

Pause.

CUTE CLIENT

Excuse me?

Brian grabs him by the tie and drags him into a stall. The door slams and the 'vacant' changes to 'occupied'. Inside, Cute Client attacks Brian's belt.

BRIAN

You know, [laughs] I'm never wrong.

CUTE CLIENT

Huh?

BRIAN

Oh, nothing, buddy. [dives in for a kiss that's stopped with a hand to his shoulder]

CUTE CLIENT

I-I don't kiss.

BRIAN

[whips the guy's belt off] Yeah. Right. [devours his mouth]

Sliding down then back up, Brian mouths Cute Client's chest, flips him around, holds both hands (crossed at the wrist) up on the stall edge, bites his ear, and grinds against him.

CUT TO: INT. THE BIG Q - DAY

We follow TRACY, an employee, up to a check-out station Michael and Marley are standing behind.

TRACY

Mr. Novotny?

MICHAEL

Mike.

TRACY

Mike. I was wondering, uh, well, you know those boxes you wanted me to move?

MICHAEL

Mm-hmn.

TRACY

I mean, I don't wanna seem like I'm shirking or anything, but they're kinda heavy. Do you think one of the guys could maybe give me a hand?

MICHAEL

Yeah, no problem. I can get somebody to help you.

TRACY

Oh, that'd be great. Okay. I'll be over on aisle fourteen.

MICHAEL

Okay.

TRACY

Okay. [walks away]

MARLEY

[snotty] Yes, your Majesty. Somebody should tell her Princess Di is dead and they're not looking for a

replacement.

MICHAEL

The boxes are heavy. And there's nothing wrong with asking for help. I thi--I think she's kinda sweet, actually.

MARLEY

You think she's sweet?

MICHAEL

Well, I don't really know her, but--yeah.

MARLEY

What about cute?

MICHAEL

Yeah, she's cute.

MARLEY

Well, she thinks you're cute, too.

MICHAEL

She ... does?

MARLEY

She likes you a lot. But she didn't know if you liked her, so I said I'd find out.

MICHAEL

So, you don't really think she's stuck-up?

MARLEY

No, she's a doll! You know, I've never heard you say you liked a girl before.

MICHAEL

Well, I--

MARLEY

In fact, I've never heard you say anything about girls. [waggles finger, mocking voice] You ... like girls, don't you?

MICHAEL

Sure. But, I-- [shakes his head, flustered]

MARLEY

So, then, you'll come with us. After work tonight. We're taking her out for a drink.

MICHAEL

I don't think I can.

MARLEY

Ahh! [holds up hand]

MICHAEL

I--

MARLEY

No excuses. Shoeless Joe's. Seven thirty. And [impatient sound] do something about your hair. [messes it]

CUT TO: INT. THE GYM - DAY

Close-up on Michael's face as he does sit-ups. To his left, Emmett is lunging using free weights and Ted is on a leg machine.

MICHAEL

It was a trap.

EMMETT

Hey. See that number in the red shorts?

Ted looks. Cut to a muscled hottie using a barbell.

TED

I could work out for a hundred years and never look like that.

Emmett laughs.

MICHAEL

[on the upswing of another sit-up] Pretending she didn't like her just to see what I'd say. [back down]

EMMETT

Sean Peters. Went home with him the other night thinking he was this brutal top.

TED

And?

MICHAEL

[sitting up] And I fell for it!

EMMETT

Turns out, he's a big nelly bottom.

Emmett and Ted laugh.

TED

[looking over] I could have told you that.

Michael, still doing his sit-ups, rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

EMMETT [OS]

Uhh, it's so discouraging. Are there no real men left?

MICHAEL

[sitting up] Now they're expecting me to meet them.

TED

Steroid City?

MICHAEL

No, in a straight bar. Is there anyone here listening?

EMMETT

There's this new girl at work who's interested in you. Fat Marley tricked you into meeting her and some of the others for a drink after work, and now you have to go or they might suspect. Check out Mr. Pec Deck. So what if they do.

TED

They could fire him.

MICHAEL

Or I could end up an assistant manager for the rest of my life.

EMMETT

And the solution is to pretend you like p*ssy?

TED

Look, he's not like you, okay?

EMMETT

What is that supposed to mean?

TED

Meaning he's not an obviously g*y man.

EMMETT

Are you accusing me of being obvious?

TED

If the f*ck-me pump fits...

Emmett makes a disbelieving sound, tosses the weights down and puts his hands on his hips.

EMMETT

Well, I could be a-a-a real man if I wanted to. You know, just, lower my voice. [gestures] Stop gesturing with my hands. Make sure my face is expressionless. Never, never use words like-like 'fabulous' or 'diviiine.' Talk about, I don't know, [deep voice] nailing b*tches and RBIs. [regular voice, lifts arms over his head] But I'd rather my flame burn bright than be some puny little pilot light.

TED

And a fabulous flame it is.

EMMETT

Thank you. [resumes weight lifting]

TED

Yeah. But Michael is out there in the straight world. Believe me, it isn't easy. You do what you have to do.

MICHAEL

[beat] I better go change. [gets up]

EMMETT

For your date? Ooo, here's a sports mag. Better bone up. [hands Michael the magazine] Just in case the conversation veers away from Liza's weight problem.

Michael looks less than thrilled and leaves. Emmett smothers a grin and waves.

CUT TO: INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Camera POV inside Justin's closet as he slides the clothes apart. We see his mother, JENNIFER TAYLOR, standing in the doorway and looking unhappy.

JENNIFER

Justin, did you hear me? I said you're not going.

JUSTIN

[scoffs] I'm going.

JENNIFER

You were just there last night!

JUSTIN

So what? [pulls a shirt down to look at]

JENNIFER

Soo, I was ... planning to take you and your sister out for pizza. You--

Justin throws a shirt at her face. Jennifer huffs.

JENNIFER

You know, I expect you to clean up this mess. I don't understand why you have to spend all your time with Daphne.

Justin chooses a shirt and walks out of the closet, flicking off the light.

JENNIFER

Of all the beautiful clothes your father and I bought for you, you have to pick something that no longer fits. That is too tight.

Justin puts the shirt in the bag he's packing.

JUSTIN

That's why. [grabs the bag and heads for the door]

JENNIFER

Justin?

Justin stops and turns in the doorway.

JENNIFER

Don't I get a kiss good-bye?

Justin begrudgingly walks over and kisses her cheek. She touches his face, but he pulls away and then leaves.

JENNIFER

I expect you to call!

Jennifer starts cleaning up his room. We hear the front door open then close. Gathering the dirty clothes off his bed, she finds Brian's underwear that Justin stole. She freezes.

CUT TO: EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

Brian and Michael driving in the Jeep. Brian is watching traffic, Michael is thumbing through the sports magazine Emmett gave him.

MICHAEL

We need a secret code word, like 'shaazam!', so that if I get in a tight spot you can come in and rescue me.

BRIAN

Tight spot. How about 'buttplug.'

MICHAEL

Buttplug might be a little hard to work into a conversation.

BRIAN

Because that's what you are, pretending you're one of them.

MICHAEL

I couldn't help it.

BRIAN

No, you could have told her the truth, instead of acting like a scared little f*gg*t. You should have just said 'I take it up the a*s, sweetheart. Deal with it.'

MICHAEL

Right. Right. By the way, I noticed you got the Jeep repainted.

Brian huffs.

CUT TO: EXT. SHOELESS JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

Straight couples are coming and going. The Jeep pulls up. Michael opens the door, but doesn't get out.

MICHAEL

My god. This place is like breeder central. [beat] Buttplug, buttplug, buttplug, buttpl--

Brian leans over to shove him out. Michael slams the door, unhappy.

BRIAN

See ya, Mikey. [drives away]

Michael stands on the sidewalk, flipping through the magazine.

CUT TO: INT. SHOELESS JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

A football game on a TV and country music on the jukebox. We follow a waitress delivering an order and come up on Michael walking in. He's looking around, shell-shocked.

MARLEY [OS]

Michael. Michael!

Michael turns to see Marley and Tracy at a table with HARV and another MAN. He walks over.

MARLEY

Where ya been? We thought you got lost.

MICHAEL

Some, uh, last minute business. [still looking around]

MARLEY

Slide it on in. Harv, move your hairy a*s.

Man laughs.

Harv gives Michael a look, then stands.

MICHAEL

Thanks. [slides in next to Tracy]

HARV

What'll ya have?

MICHAEL

Uh ... same as everybody else.

MARLEY

Good choice. Uh, bring over another pitcher.

MICHAEL [OS]

Hi.

TRACY

Hi. Glad you could make it.

MARLEY

I told ya he'd be here. Didn't I? Not to worry.

TRACY

I wasn't worried.

MARLEY

Now, just make sure he's not seeing anyone before you get all [sugar voice] lovey-dovey. [laughs]

HARV

Marley, would you shut up and leave 'em alone?

MARLEY

[mouths] What?

TRACY

You're not seeing anyone, are you?

MICHAEL

Me? [beat]

Everyone anticipates.

MICHAEL

No.

TRACY

[brightly] Well, that's good. I mean...

MICHAEL

I understand. You don't wanna get involved with someone if they're involved already. [beat] So, are you?

TRACY

Seeing anyone? No, we just broke up.

MICHAEL

Oh. Sorry.

TRACY

Oh, don't be. He was a real doofus.

Everyone laughs.

TRACY

Only I didn't know it at the time. There's so much you don't know at the time.

MICHAEL

[laughs] Isn't that the truth.

TRACY

Like, can you believe he-he didn't even know how to fix a sink.

Everyone scoffs.

MICHAEL

Really.

TRACY

He called me at work saying, 'What should I do?' I said, 'I don't care what you do. Buy some cement, get a cork, use chewing gum, but plug it up!'

Everyone laughs.

MICHAEL

But plug... [laughs] buttplug. [laughs harder]

Everyone else exchanges 'oooh-kaay' looks.

CUT TO: INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Close-up of Brian holding a pen between his lips.

BRIAN

A million dollars?

Brian pulls the pen from his mouth and turns around. We see Lindsay sitting on the couch with Gus in her arms. Melanie is building a crib on the floor.

MELANIE

That's the general idea.

BRIAN

A million f*cking dollars?!

LINDSAY

Brian, please. You'll wake the baby.

BRIAN

Well, the answer's no. Definitely not. [tosses the papers on the coffee table]

MELANIE

[scoffs as she stands] I don't understand the problem. I mean, Lindsay told me you offered to help support him.

LINDSAY

It was very generous.

BRIAN

Well, that's different than a life insurance policy.

Brian and Melanie walk over to sit on either side of Lindsay. Brian gently touches Gus's cheek.

MELANIE

It's simply in case something happens to you.

BRIAN

Like I'm decapitated at a railroad crossing. Or burned beyond recognition in some gas expl*si*n. You know, I can just imagine the grizzly deaths you've conjured up for me.

MELANIE

Like, in case you get sick.

Brian stills. Beat.

BRIAN

Ah. Even better.

MELANIE

Considering your life. I mean, when's the last time you were tested?

BRIAN

[sharply] Six months ago. I was negative.

MELANIE

That's twenty-six weeks and a hundred and eighty-two one night stands.

BRIAN

You know, I've always admired people who could multiply in their heads. And I'm always careful.

LINDSAY

[to Brian] Look, this isn't for us. It's for our son. We need to make sure he'll be provided for.

BRIAN

And all I have to do is die!

MELANIE

[grabs the legal papers] Hopefully not before you sign these papers. [smiles]

Brian stares at her.

CUT TO: INT. SHOELESS JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

Marley laughing obnoxiously widens into the entire table laughing. The once-full pitcher of beer is now nearly gone. Michael is feeling good, but looking like he has no idea what he's laughing about.

HARV

We won't be laughing come Super Bowl time when we're up against the Titans.

MAN

We don't stand a chance.

MARLEY

[swats Man's arm] Don't say that.

TRACY

You've gotta believe. Right, Mike?

MICHAEL

Like Cher!

Sudden silence.

MAN

You watch football?

Beat.

MICHAEL

Constantly.

MAN

[laughs] So, uh, what do you think?

MICHAEL

What do I think? [beat] I think ... [obviously quoting from the magazine] due to free agency, we've lost some of our best players. Still, our defense is strong, but we need a new scheme from our offensive coordinator to move the ball.

Everyone is impressed.

MAN

[laughs] That's what I say.

Everyone laughs. Tracy kisses Michael's temple as he drinks his beer. His cellphone rings. Pulling it out of his pocket, he leans over the back of the booth.

MICHAEL

Hello, sports fans!
CUT TO: EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

Brian driving in the Jeep, phone to his left ear.

BRIAN

I'm coming to get you.

CUT TO: INT. SHOELESS JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

Michael looks over his shoulder at the table.

MICHAEL

[quietly] It's okay. I'm having a really good time. She's really, really nice.

CUT TO: EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

BRIAN

She's really nice? Do you think she and her friends would be really nice if they knew the little charade you were playing? They'd probably tie you to a fence and bash your brains in.

CUT TO: INT. SHOELESS JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

MICHAEL

They're not like that.

CUT TO: EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

BRIAN

Not like that, huh?

CUT TO: INT. SHOELESS JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

BRIAN

[on the phone] Listen to me, Mikey. Are you listening?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm listening.

CUT TO: EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

BRIAN

There's only two kinds of straight people in this world. The ones that hate you to your face and the ones that hate you behind your back. Now get the f*ck out of there ... because I need you. [hangs up]

CUT TO: INT. SHOELESS JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

Michael hangs up, frowning, then looks back at the table.

CUT TO: INT. WOODY'S BAR - NIGHT

Emmett sings karaoke on-stage as the audience claps along. Brian and Michael walk in, arms around each other. As they stand and watch, Brian leans his head against Michael's. Ted is standing by a table, bouncing along to the music.

TED

Oh, yeah!

Brian is grinning until he catches sight of something off-screen. A second later, we see Justin's blond head turn and give Brian a huge smile from the bar.

JUSTIN

Hi!

BRIAN

Oh, sh*t. Just what I need. What's-his-name.

He and Michael walk further into the bar.

MICHAEL

Justin. His name is Justin. If I can remember it and I didn't even f*ck him, why can't you?

BRIAN

Because I did.

Brian walks over to Justin, who's eating something crunchy. Brian bumps his shoulder, grabbing a beer from the bar. Justin grins and Brian returns it sarcastically.

BRIAN

So, Dawson, how are things down at the creek?

Emmett finishes his song and the audience cheers and applauds. Ted whistles. Behind him, Michael is clapping wildly.

EMMETT [OS]

Thank you, Pittsburgh. I love you.

Michael and Ted escort Emmett off the stage to continuous applause.

EMMETT

You know, for a skinny white boy, I made one f*cking fabulous black woman.

Ted laughs as he leads Emmett to the bar where Brian and Justin wait.

TED

How about another round on me?

BRIAN

I got a better idea. Let's move on.

MICHAEL

What's wrong with here?

BRIAN

I've had everyone here.

TED

Yeah, my problem precisely.

MICHAEL

You haven't had me.

BRIAN

[smiles] Oh, yeah?

TED

What? Y-you never told us.

MICHAEL

There's nothing to tell.

Everyone looks to Brian.

BRIAN

We were up in his room. [loops his arm around Michael's shoulders] We were fourteen, fifteen tops. We were supposed to be studying, whatever. Only, we're not. We're looking at this trashy photo mag his mom swiped from the beauty parlor. Anyway, there's this shot of Patrick Swayze from Dirty Dancing ... without his shirt on.

Ted and Emmett moan.

BRIAN

So, I've got this hard-on just from looking at it, and I glance over at Mikey and guess what? [big grin] He's got one, too.

MICHAEL

Okay, you can stop now.

BRIAN

[laughs] Twin stiffies. I reach over. Start rubbing it. He's practically swooning. [drops voice] I pop it out, start stroking it. Nice and slow. We're both this close. Then ... his mom walks in without knocking.

Everyone laughs.

JUSTIN

They always do. Did she see you?

BRIAN

I don't see how she could have missed it.

MICHAEL

Only we didn't come, so it doesn't count.

JUSTIN

Oh, Dirty Dancing. That's a really old movie.

BRIAN

[snaps] What?

JUSTIN

I said that's a really old movie.

BRIAN

It's not that old.

JUSTIN

How old are you?

MICHAEL

Uh-oh.

Ted and Emmett look amused.

BRIAN

How old do you think I am?

Long pause.

JUSTIN

Thirty-three?

Ted snorts, Michael's eyes widen and Emmett laughs.

BRIAN

[to Justin] f*ck. You.

MICHAEL

He's twenty-nine.

BRIAN

And f*ck you, too! [shoves Michael] What did you tell him for?

MICHAEL

Fair's fair.

TED

We all know what that means. A few months you'll be thirty. Might as well be dead.

Brian sets his beer on the bar.

BRIAN

Well, you outta know. You already are.

Brian leaves, Ted mimicking his last words.

CUT TO: EXT. WOODY'S BAR - NIGHT

Liberty Avenue is busy. Brian hurries down the stairs, Michael right behind him. They walk down the sidewalk.

MICHAEL

Oh, no, you don't! Come back here. You're not sticking us with that kid. He's your responsibility. Now, get back in there.

Brian stops and turns to get into Michael's face.

BRIAN

You know, I'm getting a little sick of people telling me what's my responsibility. If Lindsay and Melanie want to go off and have a kid, that's their responsibility. If what's-his-name, Justin, wants to go out and pick up guys while he's still in high school, that's his responsibility. My responsibility is to myself! I don't owe anybody a g*dd*mn thing!

MICHAEL

Calm down!

Long pause. Brian hugs Michael.

BRIAN

I gotta go.

CUT TO: EXT. LIBERTY AVENUE - NIGHT

Brian g*ns the Jeep and drives off.

CUT TO: EXT. WOODY'S BAR - NIGHT

Michael, Emmett and Ted come down the stairs.

EMMETT

Anyone up for Babylon?

Justin appears at the top of the stairs, looking lost.

TED

I was thinking BoyToy. You know, I haven't been snubbed by a twinkie in weeks.

Emmett laughs. They start to walk down the sidewalk, Michael glancing back and seeing Justin.

MICHAEL

What about him?

TED [OS]

What about him?

Justin makes his way to the sidewalk. He stands, looking around.

MICHAEL

Well, we can't just leave him here.

TED

It's not our problem.

MICHAEL

He's mine?

TED

No, Brian's your problem.

EMMETT

Let him clean up his own mess for a change.

TED

And don't waste your Friday night babysitting.

They leave. Michael sighs. He looks over at Justin and locks gazes. Michael looks back to where Ted and Emmett went.

CUT TO: EXT. THE LIBERTY DINER - NIGHT

We follow a man in buttless pants into the crowded diner.

CUT TO: INT. THE LIBERTY DINER - NIGHT

Michael and Justin are sitting at the counter. Justin takes his jacket off.

JUSTIN

I came all the way here just to see him. He doesn't want anything to do with me.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, the thing you gotta know about Brian is ... he's not your boyfriend. Brian doesn't do boyfriends.

JUSTIN

Yeah, well, you weren't there when we were doing it. You don't know all the things we did ... when he kissed me ... you don't know anything.

MICHAEL

I know this: Brian is a selfish prick who doesn't care about anyone but himself. If I were you, I'd just forget about him.

The waitress, DEBBIE, comes over with water.

DEBBIE

Hiya boys. Gettin' any tonight? [to Justin] I haven't seen you around here before. [pulls out her order

pad]

MICHAEL

He's new.

DEBBIE

And cute. Every guy in the place has his eye on you tonight, sweetheart.

Justin looks around to check.

MICHAEL

Can we order?

DEBBIE

sh**t. Bet it'll be the first time tonight, am I right? [laughs]

Michael mock-laughs. Justin's eyes are wide at the two of them.

MICHAEL

I'll have the chicken fried steak, no remarks. And, uh, he'll have a bacon cheeseburger.

DEBBIE

Please?

MICHAEL

Please.

DEBBIE

[to Justin] Gotta keep your strength up, Sunshine. You can't cruise all night on an empty stomach. [affectionately swats his cheek as she leaves]

JUSTIN

What a freak! [laughs]

MICHAEL

Yeah, she takes some getting used to, but once you do, can't help but love her.

Debbie rejoins them.

DEBBIE

One chicken fried steak with no remarks, coming up in a flash.

MICHAEL

Thanks, mom.

DEBBIE

You're welcome, baby.

Michael leans over the counter to kiss and hug her. When they part to grin widely at him, we see Justin sitting there stunned. He gives them an embarrassed smile.

CUT TO: EXT. THE LIBERTY DINER - NIGHT

Michael and Justin walk out onto the sidewalk.

JUSTIN

You're, like, so lucky.

MICHAEL

I am?

JUSTIN

That your mom's cool about you being g*y. If mine found out, she'd k*ll me.

MICHAEL

At least it gives her a sense of purpose. I mean, without me she'd be playing bingo instead of organizing Pride marches and handing out condoms. Do you need a ride?

JUSTIN

Uh, I borrowed a friend's car.

MICHAEL

Oh, you don't have a little Beemer of your own?

JUSTIN

I'm working on it.

MICHAEL

Just remember what I told you about Brian.

JUSTIN

If he's such a selfish prick, how come you're always following him around?

MICHAEL

I am not always following him around! We're best friends. We except each other for who we are, no judgments, no obligations. No questions asked.

JUSTIN

You're just waiting for him to finish jerking you off.

MICHAEL

What?!

JUSTIN

You never got off. That's why you're still hanging around after all these years.

MICHAEL

Go on, chicken. Back to your coop! [Justin starts to walk away] And don't go looking for him! It'll just make things worse.

Debbie comes out of the diner and joins Michael.

DEBBIE

Ready, sweetie?

Michael is staring after Justin. Debbie follows his gaze.

DEBBIE

Did he take off? [beat] Just as well. He was a li-ttle too young for you.

Michael's eyes widen before he rolls them and putting his arm around her. They walk off.

CUT TO: INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lindsay, in her pajamas, is breastfeeding Gus in a rocking chair. The newly built crib is in the background.

MELANIE [OS]

Should I invite my cousin Rita?

LINDSAY

Which one's she?

We see Melanie on the bed, also in her pajamas and with glasses on.

MELANIE

You know, the one with the, uh, overbite who never approved of us.

LINDSAY

Ooh, her. Might as well. She probably won't come, anyway. [to Gus] Oh, that's my good boy.

MELANIE

You know, it's funny. I used to see those women feeding their kids and I'd think 'Uh, what a turn-off.' But watching you ... it's beautiful.

LINDSAY

You can't believe how connected you feel.

There's an uncomfortable silence. Lindsay stands to put Gus in his crib.

LINDSAY

Good night, sweetie. [crawls onto the bed and lays in Melanie's arms] Next time we'll feed him together. You can give him my breast.

MELANIE

[cups Lindsay's breast] It's so full.

She lays soft kisses on it, coming back up to kiss Lindsay's mouth. After a minute, they break apart.

MELANIE

I guess that's all we can do for now.

They chuckle. Lindsay smacks Melanie's thigh and they roll apart to get under the covers.

MELANIE

Oh, thirty-four guests. That's a lot.

LINDSAY

Not everyone will show.

MELANIE

Well, let's hope one in particular doesn't. [turns the light off]

CUT TO: INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Brian at his computer as a picture of a c*ck downloads.

LINDSAY [VO]

I hope we weren't too hard on him.

CUT TO: INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lindsay and Melanie talk in the dark.

MELANIE

Who, Brian?

LINDSAY

All that talk about the insurance. It almost sounded like we were hoping something might happen to him.

MELANIE

We're just being practical. I mean, he's the father, isn't he? It only makes sense that his son should be his beneficiary.

CUT TO: INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Brian typing at his computer, hits send.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Is that a true 10 inches or is it digitally enhanced?

He smirks and waits for the answer.

CUT TO: INT. LINDSAY AND MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LINDSAY

I'm just saying maybe we should have waited until he was over the initial shock.

With a disbelieving sound, Melanie rolls over and turns on the bedside light.

MELANIE

What shock? You're the one who gave birth. All he did was show up with his latest trick.

LINDSAY

[sits up] At least he showed up.

MELANIE

Oh, Christ. It never ceases to amaze me.

LINDSAY

What?

MELANIE

The way you put up with his sh*t.

Gus fusses off-screen.

LINDSAY

Shh! [whispers] I don't put up with it.

MELANIE

Like hell!

LINDSAY

I understand it ... him.

MELANIE

What? That he's a bigger infant than his son?

LINDSAY

That he does exactly what he wants. No excuses, no apologies. I've always admired him for that.

MELANIE

Well, then, you can put up with it. I don't have to.

LINDSAY

Come on, let's go back to sleep. For an hour.

Melanie turns the light off and they lay back down.

CUT TO: INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Brian at his computer. He pulls out a measuring tape and holds it up against the c*ck on the screen.

BRIAN

Yes.

We hear the measuring tape snap back.

CUT TO: EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Michael is walking Debbie home.

DEBBIE

So, you going out cruising after you drop me off?

MICHAEL

No, I've been invited to an all-night orgy.

DEBBIE

Whoo! Sounds hot. [laughs]

MICHAEL

[long-suffering] If you must know, I am going back to my g*y apartment, taking off my g*y clothes, and getting into my g*y bed.

DEBBIE

You're in a mood.

MICHAEL

It's g*dd*mn Brian.

DEBBIE

What'd he do this time?

MICHAEL

Never mind.

DEBBIE

I wish you wouldn't let him get to you. [beat] But he always does. That's why I keep hoping that you'll meet somebody.

She stops and smiles at him. Michael rolls his eyes a little and she cups his chin. Debbie turns and notices house lights are on.

DEBBIE

Why are all the lights on?

She and Michael run up the steps and into the house.

DEBBIE

Something must be wrong with VIC. VIC!

CUT TO: INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Debbie's brother, VIC GRASSI, hunched over the kitchen table.

DEBBIE

Baby? Is everything all right?

Debbie runs in to sit at the table. Michael walks in and stands.

VIC

Just couldn't sleep. Hey, Mikey.

MICHAEL

Uncle Vic.

DEBBIE

Are you in pain?

VIC

Yeah.

DEBBIE

Where? Tell me.

VIC

My wallet. [hands her a paper]

DEBBIE

Holy sh*t!

MICHAEL

What is it?

DEBBIE

It's the MasterCard bill from our trip to Italy.

VIC

First class airline tickets. The Excelsior in Rome. The diamond and coral earrings I bought you in Capri. They're all there. The problem is, so am I.

DEBBIE

Don't say that! It's a miracle you're still alive.

VIC

It's a miracle how I'm gonna pay for all of this.

DEBBIE

Hustle?

Beat. Debbie and Vic laugh. Michael shakes his head, amused. Leaving them hugging, he goes upstairs to his old room and looks around. He walks over to a corkboard. We see the comics and postcards on it, then down to the army men and cowboys set up on a shelf below. Back up to the corkboard and the main attraction: an old color photo of Michael and Brian as teenagers. Cut to Michael opening the chest at the foot of the bed. He pulls an old magazine out from under some clothes, then sits on the chest.

TEEN BRIAN [VO]

Patrick Swayze is so hot.

Michael's eyes are closed as he slowly falls back onto the bed. He slips his hands inside his pants as he holds the magazine above his head.

TEEN BRIAN [VO]

I guess we'll have to take care of that.

Michael has mouthed the words.

CUT TO FLASHBACK

Teenage Brian and Michael are sitting shoulder-to-shoulder on Michael's bed. Brian, chewing gum, leans over to whisper in Michael's ear.

TEEN BRIAN

Patrick Swayze is so hot.

Shot of the magazine in Michael's hands as Brian takes it.

TEEN MICHAEL

I've seen Dirty Dancing, like, five times.

TEEN BRIAN

What I wouldn't give to f*ck him.

TEEN MICHAEL

Don't say that, Brian.

TEEN BRIAN

You're so pathetic. [bumps shoulders] First I'd unzip his fly. Then I'd pull out his king-sized b*ner. Play with it, real slow.

TEEN MICHAEL

Oh, yeah?

Brian looks at Michael's lap.

TEEN BRIAN

Hey, Mikey ... you have a woody.

TEEN MICHAEL

I do not.

TEEN BRIAN

You do, too. We'll have to do something about that. [grins]

Brian lays Michael down and pulls open his 501 jeans. He's sliding his hand inside just as the sound of a door opens.

DEBBIE [OS]

Hi, babe!

Teen Michael jerks upright.

CUT TO PRESENT

Michael jerks upright, hand down his pants and magazine still in one hand.

MICHAEL

Ma! [pulls his hand out] Can't you knock?

Debbie walks by to pick up a box of clothes.

DEBBIE

I forgot to tell you we're having a yard sale, so if you wanna throw anything out ... [leans to see the magazine] Oh, don't tell me you still have a crush on him. [walks out]

CUT TO: INT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Close-up of Brian's stash box. He r*fles through the various bags and vials of drugs before pulling out a small bag of white powder. He turns to check himself out in the full-length mirror. Smooths his shirt, runs his hands through his hair, turns sideways to adjust his jeans.

BRIAN

I'd f*ck you.

Intercom sounds. Brian walks over and presses it.

BRIAN

Top floor. Come on up.

Cut to Brian sliding open the door. He's shocked to find Justin on the other side and not his trick.

BRIAN

Christ! What are you--

JUSTIN

Sorry. I don't wanna just--

BRIAN

You can't just drop by unannounced.

JUSTIN

I just wanna talk.

BRIAN

There's nothing to talk about.

JUSTIN

Please? I won't stay long. I ... I'll just--can I...

Justin tries to come inside, Brian stops him.

BRIAN

No.

Sound of footsteps and then we see a muscled guy, GEORGE, walking up the stairs to join them.

BRIAN

Oh, sh*t.

Justin turns to look. Brian eye-f*ck George as he walks by.

GEORGE

The door was about to shut so I ... slipped in.

Justin watches the exchange, looking ill. George looks around the loft.

GEORGE

Penthouse. Not bad. [seeing Justin] Who's this?

BRIAN

[looking at Justin] No one.

JUSTIN

I have to see you.

BRIAN

I'm busy.

GEORGE

I don't mind a threesome. Although he's kind of young.

BRIAN

He's also kind of leaving.

JUSTIN

Who's he?

BRIAN

Forgive me for not introducing you. Justin, this is Mr. Goodfuk. Mr. Goodfuk, may I present Justin.

GEORGE

Name is George.

BRIAN

Sorry. George ... Goodfuk.

JUSTIN

You don't even know him.

BRIAN

Well, I was hoping to get to. Now why don't you just scamper on home.

Hurt, Justin leaves.

BRIAN

He's my stalker.

GEORGE

That wasn't very kind. What, sending him off, a kid that age, by himself at this time of night.

BRIAN

[laughs] Who are you, Father Goodfuk?

George waits. Brian frowns.

BRIAN

Oh, all right. Make yourself comfortable. [beat] And don't ... steal anything.

CUT TO: EXT. BRIAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Brian bursts out onto the sidewalk where Justin is leaning forward into a lamppost. Hearing the door, Justin starts walking to the car at the curb. Brian follows.

BRIAN

Hey. Hey! I just left a complete stranger alone in my apartment to come talk to you. So don't run away from me.

Justin gets the driver's side door open. Brian pushes it closed.

BRIAN

We need to get something straight.

JUSTIN

You don't do boyfriends.

BRIAN

Oh, Mikey's been talking to you.

JUSTIN

You'll f*ck anyone! He's ugly. You don't even know him. And I--I really love--

BRIAN

Justin ... I've had you. What happened last night ... it was for fun. You wanted me and I wanted you. That's all it was.

JUSTIN

A f*ck?

BRIAN

Well, what did you think it was?

BRIAN

Look, I don't believe in love. I believe in f*cking. It's honest. It's efficient. You get in and out with a maximum of pleasure and a minimum of bullshit. Love is something that straight people tell themselves they're in so that they can get laid. And then they end up hurting each other because it was all based on lies to begin with. If that's what you want, then go and find yourself a pretty little girl ... and get married.

JUSTIN

That's not what I want. I want you!

BRIAN

You can't have me. I'm too old ... you're too young for me. You're seventeen. I'm twenty-eight.

JUSTIN

[teary grin] Twenty-nine.

BRIAN

All right. Twenty-nine. All the more reason. Now go do your homework.

Brian slowly backs away. Justin starts crying and gets in the car. He drives away, leaving Brian still in the street. After a long moment, Brian walks back toward the doors.

FADE TO BLACK.

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